

De La Soul Lyrics

"Am I Worth You?"

Ooh, ooh, ooh
Yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah
Ooh, ooh yeah

[Verse 1]

It's a pity that you're so dirty
Worthy of some Southern hos-pital
See we them Northern boys with nose and hows
NYC livin' ain't nothin' like it
See how me and my peeps fit, we jigsaw
Sometimes I play big saw to cut the deal
And we keepin' them bills paid with meals in the mouths of many
A noble job at Feni
Money ain't everything but everything makes me want it
But won't dishonor my name so the claim throwers
Act like game on the dice on the mic device
Stay above middle class for life
Not an easy task but I've grown to love it
Dub it to tape, why don't you whip a grin
While I speak to my mens about the world problems
And girl problems with no immediate way to solve em'
But I'm on hits

[Chorus]

I make the best of the life I be with it
Making the most of the moment among the livin'
And it feels good
Being the man that I want to be
Do what I can cause I refuse to see
The best of luxury, God's been good to me
Now I'm asking am I worthy of you, of you
Am I worthy of you

[Verse 2]

Pull them quarters down
I got some things on these nine ounces to vamp
Me on a mission y'all
Dug fresh dirt out the ground
Lookin' for the treasures in life
A bambino picket fence around the residence
I wore these shackles here for thirteen years
But the only real slaves is the ones we record on
We off all checks and God's blessin'
Tryin' to own a thousand island like we salad dressin'
Patience for the main course
Don't have me in position to remain boss

Cause the man next to the man above the exec
Don't give a damn if I papered yet
Sometimes it make me wanna go make a bet
I did away with knock em' and release some stress
By any means, these petty greens will only get me stuck in a box
Doin' a dick shot in Oz, jerkin' off in the J
But anyway I keep my head on

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

I know people who tippy-toe through they own stompin' ground
Master not makin' a sound to stay safe
From the local star renaissance
And the response is usually the same
Wishin' like it used to be
Nothin' in that life is new to me
We roll like eyes on a ghetto girl
Brushin' off some no-man cause she's his ghetto pearl
We into livin' beyond not livin' fads
Me and my comrads became dads young
Try to have fun amongst responsibility
Like fillin' these accounts full
Got caught up at a party in Bull's
Sometimes gotta have the nerve to say some rhymes
Because some minds take offense
Try to make ya life tense but we still here
Still gainin' the love, still standin' above most

[Chorus to end]